THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co., Publishers.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1374.

Original Poetry.

WHAT'S THE USE?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY DAVID L. BOATH

[We publish the verses of our correspondent, protesting against the sentiment of them. We think there is a great deal of use in life. Perhaps he intends them, however, as an amplification of Solomon's assertion, that "All is vanity":]

What's the use of life below?
What's the use?
Joy fled man is not to know.
Tis to him a weary foe—
Little while of poignant woe,
Wretchedness wherever you go.
What's the use of life below?
What's the use?

What's the use of pomp and show?
What's the use?
Will not being a happy hour,
In your path put one poor flower?
Aid to sought but earthly power
On your heads rich blessings shower
What's the use of pomp and show?
What's the use?

What's the use of all your gold?
What's the use?
Will not buy from Death release—
Purchase one night of peace—
Will but cause of woe increase
Till your hearts burst breaking cease
What's the use of all your gold?
What's the use?

What's the use of ought on earth?
What's the use?
Has a joke a breath of air,
Here, and gone—no echo knows where?
Bound in shackles of despair,
Of released from earthly snare
What's the use of ought on earth?
What's the use?

Augusta Ga. Gazette.

THE PATRIOT'S SIGH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY JOHN J. MORRIS

On a flowery hill by the side of a stream,
A war-worn soldier lay weary in a dream
Of days long enough to punish those who had neglected their duty.

All the soul-cheering voices that fell on his ear
In his calm morning so sweetly and free,

Passed cheerily, winningly by

He knew the manor roofs where in childhood he lay
In the pale, dusky twilight till noon, cheering day,
The meadow all blooming with flowers,
And lengthen'ning the garden, the border of the wall
The trellice where ivy luxuriant fell.
The grand-of-mirth limestone flowers.

He paused by a portal—he whispered his love,
In tones like the low waiting voice of the dove,
He saw the sweet face of his bride—
Enough for his heart was her soul-thrilling kiss—
Enough for their spirits communing in bliss.
On Hope's beguiling coursing free.

Fears Love's pleasing visions to anguish he woke
The dreams were all realized, all beauty broke
And each drew his joys to the past.
Now solemn pleadings and horrible groans,
Commingled with death-cries and a low pale moan,
All his heaven's prospect o'ercast

No more did he muse, for the Angel of Death
Was at his side with a tremor his life-breath
As he lay in his gory attire
All alone there was painful and also was low cry
And his lips cold and clammy entomed a sigh—
My country, for thee I expire!

Original Legend.

THE BEGGAR OF LOCARNO.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

The following legend has doubtless been current in various forms, in many countries. I have not seen where related the story in a poem.—E. F. E.

The traveller may yet see, a few hours' journey from Locarno, the ruins of an old Castle, the magnificence of which, in former days, was the abode and administration of the region around. It was the ancestral seat of a noble race of Counts. The venerable trees that still shade the broken walls, are hoary with the weight of centuries. The massive gateway yet frowns in something of its ancient grandeur, and its mouldered devices are crowned by creepers that give a luxuriance even to decay. Those who pause but a step in the deserted pile, and listen with interest to the story of its bygone splendor, and the strange fate of its once powerful owners.

The last Count who dwelt in the Castle was an austere man, and dismissed, it is said, all companionships with his fellow-men. He had followed war in his youth, and despised the delicate refinements of life. He lived alone, with his wife, who was timid and reserved, and had no will nor thought save that of her lord. Nor feared—no less than loved him, and never ventured to cross his mood.

One stormy winter evening, while the Count was absent, a wanderer came to entreat a night's lodging. It was a poor old woman, well known throughout the country as "The Beggar of Locarno." Weary was her long way, and the infirmities of extreme age, when strength had failed her on the way to Locarno. She was benumbed and trembling with cold, and could scarcely speak to implore hospitality.

When permission was asked of the Countess to admit her, she granted it readily. The poor beggar-woman was furnished with a couch of straw and in a corner behind the ample chimney; and the humble keeper, at the bidding of her mistress, set forth bowl and meat to satisfy her hunger.

While she was eating, the Count returned from the country, and entered the apartment. It was plain that somewhat had happened to chafe him, for his countenance was more gloomy even than its usual, and his step was hasty and impatient. The Countess rose as he came in, and advanced to meet him. He greeted her coldly, and with attention was at once arrested by her guest. When he saw the old woman, whose tattered dress bespoke her poverty, seated at the table, he frowned, and turning to his wife, demanded who it was she thus brought in to entertain.

"It is the poor beggar of Locarno," answered the Countess, deprecatingly. "She asked shelter and food; and my lord will not, I am Christian could refuse such on a night like this."

The Count's brow grew darker. "Food and shelter, forsooth!" he exclaimed, "and for what, mistress, will she return, and then doubt wrong to admit her. Let her go to Locarno, as she late; this Castle is no place for such vagabonds."

"But the storm—the cold!"—pleaded the more compassionate lady. "Suffer her bed to remain amid the shrieks of—"

"As thou will," answered her husband, sullenly. "she may have quarters in the stable. But it is not seemly that such a wretched crone should eat in thy presence or mine. Out of my sight—switch!"

The old woman, who had suspended her meal, and sate gazing in mute wonder at the Count, startled by his stern voice—now rose slowly, and half extended her shrivelled and trembling hands, as if to defend herself from her anger. The gesture still more incensed him.

"What dost thou mean," he cried, "by staring at me thus? Dared then refuse obedience? Ha! dost threaten? A fool-sorceress—belike! Begone this instant—or I will have thee hunt for leaguing with the evil one! Begone, I say!"

He strode angrily towards the beggar-woman: and his voice was loud and menacing. The helpless creature grasped her crutch, and hobbled away, with all the haste her tottering limbs could command. Before she reached the door, however, she made a mus-tep in her terror, and fell heavily on the floor. Her head struck against the wall as she fell; she groaned once or twice and then all was silence. When the Count's servants, by order of their master, lifted her up—she was already dead.

This horrible occurrence seemed only to irritate the Count, who blamed his wife and the housekeeper for granting such shelter in the miserable crone. "Such visits," he said, "never failed to bring disaster upon the house:" and he revelled not to assert his belief that the beggar-woman had been a real witch. He ordered that the apartment in which she had died should not be used again as a common room. It was thenceforward kept as a chamber for closer guests who visited the Castle.

Many months passed, and the stern Count was surprised and pleased one day by the arrival of a friend of his youthful days. He received him with a warm welcome: and for the first time in many years, the gloomy looking hall of the Castle was lighted up, and made cheerful by the sound of feasting and pleasant voices. The two friends sate conversing of past times till late at night; when the host conducted his guest to the chamber prepared for him, wished him a good night, and betook himself to repose.

Not a little astonished was the Count next day, when his friend announced that he had changed his first determination, and must depart immediately. The host inquired the cause of this sudden change of plan; but the visitor replied only—That he could not reveal his resolution not to spend another night within the Castle: he hoped—for the sake of their ancient friendship—that the Count might never learn from another the sad cause that compelled him to part so soon with one he had always esteemed and loved. The same day he departed, leaving the Count in great displeasure, which was only equalled by his wonder and curiosity to know what could have caused his friend's strange behaviour.

His ill humour upon the occasion was, of course, resented on his household; and especially his unoffending wife. With angry looks at the old Castellan, and other faithful domestics who were summoned to his presence, he expressed his conviction that his late guest had been driven away by some want of proper attendance: to his consort, he vilified her as though he punish those who had neglected their duty.

The Countess colored and hung her head at this unmerited reproof to her, as well as those who acted under her commands. But the old Castellan boldly replied—"Pardon, my lord—but the cause of your excellency has not divined the cause of the sudden departure of my lord, the Marchese! I hold it now my duty to inform your excellency that he has long been known throughout the Castle. I ventured not to speak before; for I knew how displeasing such an oath looks to my lord; and that he holds them for old women's fables! but I dare no longer hold my peace. This room lately occupied by the old beggar-woman, is haunted by the beggar-woman of Locarno."

There was a silence of a few moments at this announcement, and the servants looked fearfully at each other. But the Count exclaimed, in great vexation, at the trifling cause—"Is no room to such senseless prating!"

The next guest who happened to come to the Castle was shown for the night into the apartment of which the old woman had died. The next morning he sought the Count, and pale with fear, informed him that the wraith of the world would not tempt him to pass another night there. Some being of another world—he averred—walked its ronnds through the chamber.

The Count appeared still incredulous, and with calm contempt listened to the various tales he heard, while he secret a terrible fear took possession of his soul. He felt the anguish of remorse, but was too proud to acknowledge the slightest compunction.

"I will watch, myself," he said, scornfully, "to-night in the guest-chamber. And then, fools, shall hear no more of your—"

The Countess meekly pentensed her readiness to do according to the will of her lord.

After supper was over, the servants were dismissed, the Count took a pair of pistols and a drawn sword; and taking two large wax-tapers, led the way to the mysterious apartment, followed by the trembling crowd.

As he opened the door, the dog that always followed him in hunting, pressed after him, whining piteously, as if entreating him to return. But the faithful animal was a welcome ally; and both master and dog entered the chamber side by side. The Count placed the lights on the table, while his wife, with her own hands, kindled a fire in the large chimney, which threw out a glow like the gleam of some stone sepulchre. Then she seated herself on the sofa beside her husband, the dog stretching himself on the floor at their feet, resting his head between his fore paws.

To beguile the time, and divert her lord from the thoughts that overshadowed his spirit, the Countess told several tales, and sang ballads ever and anon. While she was in the midst of one entire, the Count suddenly started, and grew pale as death. His wife stopped and listened silently. There was a noise as of some one moving in the other part of the apartment, on which the lights stood. It was as if some person walked forward and drew a chair to the table. Then the seat was replaced, apparently, as if the occupant rose: there were slow steps across the room, and presently the noise of a heavy fall upon the floor. Long pause succeeded, and a sound as if a heavy body were dragged to the further extremity, and laid on something that rustled like straw.

With checks blanched by amazement and horror, the house-keeper, at the bidding of her mistress, set forth bowl and meat to satisfy her hunger.

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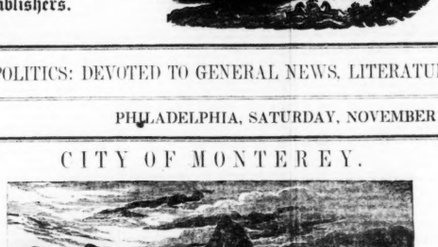
CITY OF MONTEREY.



In the centre is the "Citadel" on the right are the hills Condenseration and Independence, on which are situated the "Bishop's Palace" and other forts: on the left, the hills defending the town. The valley that opposes last the city between the citadel and the forts on the left, the regulars under General Worth, circuitously moved round to the right.

STORMING THE HEIGHTS.

From "Our Army at Monterey," a work recently issued by Messrs. Carey & Hart, we take the following animated description of the storming of the heights above the Bishop's Palace. For the engravings also, we are indebted to Messrs. Carey & Hart.

Long before the break of day, on the 21st, the party intending to storm the heights above the Bishop's palace, took up their line of march. It consisted of three companies of the artillery battalion, under Captain Vinton; three companies of the Eighth Infantry, under Captain Screven; and two battalions of Ohio troops, under Colonels Hays and Walker, Lieut. Col. Childs having the command. Captain Sanders and Lieutenant Meade, topographical engineers, led the way.

The formation of Independence Hill, upon which is situated the Bishop's Palace, is worth describing, as the peculiar nature of the ground had much to do with the success of the assault. It presented an abrupt precipice from its crest, looking towards the mountains; but it descended from the crest, on the side of the enemy, the members of it made their way to the base of the fort, over which they rushed, the Texans climbing their rifles, and then pouring their fire upon the foe. It was in vain that the enemy endeavored to check the charge. The gray of the morning had not yet commenced, as the mists that rolled about, our troops were exaggerated in size and numbers, and seemed pouring upon the cloud-crest hill from the very Heavens. The Mexicans, in confusion, retreated down the sides of the mountain to the fortress below the Bishop's Castle: a shout arose, and announced the success of our arms, that must have been heard in the very heart of Monterey.

What language can describe the feelings of officers and men, when the views presented from the heights first opened on the sunshine? Valleys, they stood under the flag of their country, and the long, low, dreary walls of the castle at their feet, below that still smoulted the deserted, but beautiful city of Monterey. Looking northward of the San Jose, the mouth of the opening lay were seen rolling over the sides of the hills and mountains, kissing the luxuriant vale and the city, while far in the distance, the tall towers of Monte swelled among the forlorness. Southward, the silver line of the same river could be traced as it wound its way through the valley, and beyond the dark ridges of the mountains, blessing its banks with orange groves and flowers, as if to dispel the eternal fears that overspread its perfumed waters. Across the rivers were seen the batteries of the Federation Hill, the cities and slopes being quietly over the ramparts, while their captors paced lazily as sentinels, as sat intimately emptying the scene.

Original Poetry.

FROST.

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BY CHARLES C. BROMLEY.

Tis come! 'tis come!—the lightning power
Remorseless—cruel—of the north look out
Child I walk in breath, the autumn flower
No longer now in sweet and gay;
The herb, the shrub, the copse
No longer robed in native green;
The leaves yellow, ballard in tears
Weep—o'er the dew, and leave

The effect was extremely pretty while it was all done, and Mr. Smith had managed his share of the duties as well as he was serving, much of the rest, which he carefully practiced for his own ease.

Not long after, he did not come home all day. Mrs. Smith, in her natural concern for her husband, was somewhat of a relief, and yet towards night, she began to be uneasy. She indulged herself in lighting her lamp, and put out the fire of the hall. Smith's economical ideas would have permitted however, and began to read. The evening passed on—ten o'clock struck—eleven, but Mr. Smith's economical ideas would have permitted however, and began to read. The evening passed on—ten o'clock struck—eleven, but Mr. Smith still came not.

Mrs. Smith's heart closed, she could read no longer.

Suddenly, at half-past eleven, the door opened, and in came Mr. Smith, very red.

"Oh, Mr. Smith, where have you been?" Such passion that he had fallen a victim to intemperance seemed her misery fancy.

"Where have you been?" repeated she.

Mr. Smith sat down, and began to run himself up his poor head—and—and—

"Positively, tonight! two o'clock. How were the dear children all right, my dear, while I was absent to see the great progress we had made, and said several very rich things about its principally being a work of my own hands, and how much I know, and would have been more so, if we had not had but two hammers for three men."

"Oh, Mr. Smith, what have you been doing?"

"I thought it was nearly finished."

"No, my dear; but you manner are always so impatient."

"Go on, then."

"Well, then began to and it at the upper end, but whether it was drawn too tight, or whether there was much rotten in the carpet, or whether the weather caught the middle detail, I really can't take it upon me to say, but somehow or other it invariably slipped from me."

Mrs. Smith would have laughed if she had not been engaged in a part, at that moment.

"Well, my dear, the carpet of the sea, the carpet slipped from out hand and rushed from its down the aisle, until stopped, perhaps, by its own resistance, at lay it long at the aisle. Failing on these rules, might well ask when these things should be, and how they should be accomplished. The first thing to be done was to have a new carpet, the Roman army was immediately. We could now not that rising ground, once covered with the fruits, but the vine, and the olive, and olive grounds. The Romans encamped one legion on the Mount of Olives, but it could not do any harm in the city; and the only available post of attack—the north side—was guarded by a most strong walls. The siege was going on well, the men's hearts failed them for fear, and at least one famished woman ate her own child; and at last the city was taken and utterly destroyed, and even the Temple, not one stone was left upon another. Now we were in the midst of these scenes to-day! We were in the midst of these scenes to-day! We were in the camp of the single legion I have mentioned; opposite was the humbled city, with the site of the temple rooms; and over the north was the camp of the enemy. Here was the whole scene of the siege and destruction, such as was not known from the beginning of the world."

From the summit of Olivet, we went down to the scene of the entire Jerusalem, and the ground mind which had perhaps never been surpassed from the beginning of the world. "When Jesus and spoken these words." His words of deep and the last supper." "He went forth," we are told, "with His disciples over the Brook Cedron, where was a garden." This garden we entered to-day from the other direction, and left it by crossing the bed of the brook. It is a pretty spot, very much unlike what it must have been when "Jesus offentimes resorted thither with His disciples." It is a mere place here and there, with a great deal of grass, with fingers of loose stones, and arranged by eight extremely old olive trees—the oldest in Jerusalem, that we saw in our tour together, and I believe that they could have been growing in the days of Christ. I had supposed to be impossible; though I never could learn what is the greatest age known to be attained by the olive tree. The roots of these trees were supported by little terraces of stones, the earlier trees now not many hundred dollars," said his wife.

"And a very neat little job I made of the carpet last day, my dear."

"I don't remember."

"They said they could wait no longer. I remarked that it would be better to wait, as there are very probable the moment we left the building the men would arrive with the carpet. I proposed to leave a hat and cane in the hall, to show that we had been there, and to return at two o'clock."

At one the men came with the carpet, all seated together in a cart, and just as I had left the building them very rore well behaved young men. I took off my coat and attacked them. We soon had the bundles, thinking what a pleasant surprise it would prove to the other church-wardens to find the carpet all ended. The white figures contrasted beautifully with the red ground, and the intervening green acted as a beautiful sort of middle tint. We had all declared at the end nearest the door, and I assure you, my dear, it was beautifully done. Then we all walked up to the chancel end, and having nailed a piece neatly round the channel, we began to stretch the other part, covering the nails opposite to meet it."

"And did your friends come back?"

"Punctually, to-night two o'clock. They were delighted with the effect, and the men were ordered to see the great progress we had made, and said several very rich things about its principally being a work of my own hands, and how much I know, and would have been more so, if we had not had but two hammers for three men."

"Oh, Mr. Smith, what have you been doing?"

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"Well, then began to and it at the upper end, but whether it was drawn too tight, or whether there was much rotten in the carpet, or whether the weather caught the middle detail, I really can't take it upon me to say, but somehow or other it invariably slipped from me."

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"And a very neat little job I made of the carpet last day, my dear."

It was ascertained a few days after, that a gentleman had called repeatedly upon Mr. Smith, on Wednesday, the ninth of January. It was the day he was sowing hemp and corn to the middle-aisle carpet. The business was of much importance: the gentleman went to some one else.

"If you had been at your house that day, you might have made no—hundred dollars," said his wife.

"Do you think so, my dear?"

"Yes, indeed. Still the carpet did not come. Nine o'clock struck, ten, eleven, but no carpet. The church-wardens began to get tired of waiting."

Original Poetry.

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Tis come! 'tis come!—the lightning power
Remorseless—cruel—of the north look out
Child I walk in breath, the autumn flower
No longer now in sweet and gay;
The herb, the shrub, the copse
No longer robed in native green;
The leaves yellow, ballard in tears
Weep—o'er the dew, and leave

Original Sketch.

THE BETTY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

Mr. Smith was a "Betty," there is no denying it, not that his name was Elizabeth, no, he was plain John Smith, but yet he was a "Betty."

Mr. Smith is an odd kind," said she, to her mother, in answer to her inquiries, "he really saves me a great deal of trouble. There are a great many things I should like to have done, which he attends to, I am sure I do not know what I should do, now as I am to housekeeping, if he had not that to do."

But as all is not gold that glitters, and as we are often in the milk every morning, attached to the tell the man that unless he takes them out carefully himself, in future, I will look out for another milkman."

"But you were going to tell me where you have been all day."

"So I was, only you interrupted me; well, let me see—where was I?"

Mrs. Smith pouted and knees, looking at the carpet.

"I hope you aren't bright eyes come across me. Indeed, my dear, my ideas are apt to be bright on these occasions. Can you guess what I did?"

"Never! never!"

"Then I must tell you. I got up, put on my coat, smoothed my hair, begged the church-warden and the two clerks young men from the carpet to proceed with the evening service, went out, crossed the Temple, not one stone was left upon another. Now we were in the midst of these scenes to-day! We were in the camp of the single legion I have mentioned; opposite was the humbled city, with the site of the temple rooms; and over the north was the camp of the enemy. Here was the whole scene of the siege and destruction, such as was not known from the beginning of the world."

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The Holy Land.

A WALK AROUND JERUSALEM.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

There is little pleasure in visiting the places within the walls of Jerusalem, which are reported by the Monks to be the scenes of the acts and sufferings of Christ. There is no authority about these, and the spots about which there can be no mistake are so interesting, that the mind and heart of the traveller turn away from such as must be fabulous. About the site of the Temple, there is no doubt; and beyond the walls one meets at every turn assurances of being where Christ walked and taught, and where the great events of Jewish history took place. Let us go over what I found in one ramble; and then my reader will see what it must be to take walks in the neighborhood of the City of Jerusalem.

Leaving the city by the Bethlehem gate, we descended into the valley of Hinnom, or Gehenna. Here there are many tombs cut on the rock, with the entrances like door-ways. When I speak of Bethlehem, I shall have occasion to describe the tombs of the Jews. It was in this valley, and close by the fountain of Siloam, that in the days of Jewish idolatry, children were brought to the fire in honor of Moloch. This is the place called Tophet in Scripture—it to be spoken of as it was, as an image of all that is horrible in human passion and cruelty, where fires hovered round living bodies, and wanes prayed upon the dead—here was the imagery of terror—the worm that died not, and the fire that is not quenched." The scene is very different now. The slopes are treated, that the winter rains may not wash away the soil; and these terraces were to-day green with springing wheat, and the spreading olives and fig-trees and their shadows on the rich though stony soil—Streams were led from the pool of Siloam among the fields, and gardens; and all looked cool and fresh in the once bolish spot. On the top of the opposite hill was the Field of Blood—the field bought as a burial place for strangers, by the priests to whom Judas returned his bribe. For the burial of strangers, it was used in successive ages; for the pilgrims who died at the Holy City were laid there. It is now no longer enclosed; but the boundary marks the spot.

The pools all round Jerusalem are beautiful; the cool arching roof of some, the weed-tufted sides and clear water of all, are delicious. The pool of Siloam is still pretty—though less so, no doubt, than when the blind man, sent to wash there, opened his eyes on sacred ground. The fountain of Siloam is more beautiful than the pool. It rises in a cave, and must be one of the deepest springs which wind down in the shadow. A woman sat to-day in the dim light of sunshine—washing linen in the pool. Here it was, that in a cave over the priest came down with his golden pitcher, to draw water for the temple service; and hither it was that the thought of Milton came when he sang of—

> Siloa's brook that flowed
> Fast by the oracle of God

We were now in the valley of Jehoshaphat; and crossed the bed of it, where the brook of the Kedron must run when it runs at all: but it seems now to be merely a winter torrent, and never to have been a constant stream. When we were on the opposite side of the valley, we were on the Mount of Olives. The ascent was steep—now among rough stones, and now past fields of wheat, flecked with the shade of Olive trees. As we ascended the opposite hill seemed to rise, and the city to sink behind it. Jericho, to the east, low, and a woman with a bundle on her head, seemed up to the city by a path which looked very clear against the cloudless sky. Dwellers in our climate cannot conceive of such a sight as Jerusalem must be between the summit of the Mount of The Mount Mountains, over toward the Dead Sea, the first in the Great bone of purple, like a wall of grey. The hill country to the north is almost gaudy with the contrast of color; its white or grey houses, red and dusky tops of close packed. But the city is the glory—aloft on the steep—its long lines of wall clearly defining it to the sight, and its towers and domes rising against the sky, and by the brilliant sunshine against the deep blue sky. In the spaces unbuilt on within the walls, are tufts of trees, and cypresses spring from the ground, from some central garden. The green leaves of the Mosque of Omar, also spread out their shade in the eyes, with groups of tiny gay moving people. If it is now so glorious a place to the eye, what must it have been in the days of its pride, when the nation over Jerusalem that killed the prophets and stoned the messengers of Jehovah, and whose house was left desolate!

The disciples, looking hence upon the strength of the walls, the massiveness of the towers, and the mighty size springing four hundred and fourscore from the bed of the brook below, and the depth and the magnificence of the carved ornaments of the gate on these rules, might well ask when these things should be, and how they should be accomplished. The first thing to be done was to have a new carpet, the Roman army was immediately. We could now not that rising ground, once covered with the fruits, but the vine, and the olive, and olive grounds. The Romans encamped one legion on the Mount of Olives, but it could not do any harm in the city; and the only available post of attack—the north side—was guarded by a most strong walls. The siege was going on well, the men's hearts failed them for fear, and at least one famished woman ate her own child; and at last the city was taken and utterly destroyed, and even the Temple, not one stone was left upon another. Now we were in the midst of these scenes to-day! We were in the midst of these scenes to-day! We were in the camp of the single legion I have mentioned; opposite was the humbled city, with the site of the temple rooms; and over the north was the camp of the enemy. Here was the whole scene of the siege and destruction, such as was not known from the beginning of the world."

From the summit of Olivet, we went down to the scene of the entire Jerusalem, and the ground mind which had perhaps never been surpassed from the beginning of the world. "When Jesus and spoken these words." His words of deep and the last supper." "He went forth," we are told, "with His disciples over the Brook Cedron, where was a garden." This garden we entered to-day from the other direction, and left it by crossing the bed of the brook. It is a pretty spot, very much unlike what it must have been when "Jesus offentimes resorted thither with His disciples." It is a mere place here and there, with a great deal of grass, with fingers of loose stones, and arranged by eight extremely old olive trees—the oldest in Jerusalem, that we saw in our tour together, and I believe that they could have been growing in the days of Christ. I had supposed to be impossible; though I never could learn what is the greatest age known to be attained by the olive tree. The roots of these trees were supported by little terraces of stones, the earlier trees now not many hundred dollars," said his wife.

"And a very neat little job I made of the carpet last day, my dear."

It was ascertained a few days after, that a gentleman had called repeatedly upon Mr. Smith, on Wednesday, the ninth of January. It was the day he was sowing hemp and corn to the middle-aisle carpet. The business was of much importance: the gentleman went to some one else.

"If you had been at your house that day, you might have made no—hundred dollars," said his wife.

"Do you think so, my dear?"

"Yes, indeed. Still the carpet did not come. Nine o'clock struck, ten, eleven, but no carpet. The church-wardens began to get tired of waiting."

Selected Sketch.

WASHINGTON'S INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

An attentive examination of all that can contribute to the formation of a sound opinion, in the walks in the belief that General Washington's mental abilities illustrate the very highest type of greatness. His mind, indeed, was one of the very greatest that was ever given to mortal. Yet it is impossible to establish that position by a direct analysis of his character, or especially, or productions. When we have carefully considered the results of his great career—when we contemplate the qualities by which it was begun to and ended, from its beginning to its end—the foresight and vigorous as it was in connection with the organization by which other minds were to be led, as upon a shapely bridge, over the obscure depths across which we had formerly passed—the calm and sound in schemes, ready in action, splendid in display; as he was—combined in a rare unity and true dignity of its beauty in a character that when Hamilton approached Washington, he came into the presence of one who surpassed in the extent of the mind—before we would discriminate upon its construction, and respond upon its operations—when we would tell how it performed what it did, we are at once led to scrutinize itself. The processes of Washington's understanding are entirely hidden from us. What we perceive is the result of those processes. It was the life and glory of his country; what went on within it is shrouded in impenetrable concealment—a concealment which, in regard to all the rar

to her room. She had passed a restless night; had dreamed, she said, of her dear George: she called me her kind and only friend; begged me to sit a little while beside her, and looked up so softly in my face, that my own heart seemed well nigh breaking. I left her not again.

In the still deep night, I heard her scream, "Save Annie, do not speak, so harshly to me! Oh, mamma, why do you leave me?" Then again she said, "Give me a ransom, my money! I will be very kind." Her soul was again in her own sunny home.

"Lay me by my George, and God will bless you," were her last words to me. I led my bonded children to look upon her sweet pale face, as she lay in her coffin. They had never seen a corpse or death, and then I gave them the first knowledge of both; then I told them of the sin, the cruelty of those who wound the "stranger's" heart.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1847.

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THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The most important news brought by the Acadia is that of a rise in the price of Breadstuffs. The next is that of the extension of aid by the British Government through the Bank of England, to the mercantile and manufacturing community of that country.

After sundry visits of deputations of bankers to the Prime Minister, of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to Sir Robert Peel and of Sir Robert Peel to her Majesty at Windsor Castle, "all of which," says the European Times, "was deemed highly significant that something unusual had been resolved," Lord John Russell issued an official document, recommending to the Directors of the Bank of England, in the present emergency, to enlarge the amount of their discounts and advances, upon approved security: but that, in order to retain this operation within reasonable limits, a high rate of interest should be charged. In present circumstances it was suggested that the rate of interest should not be less than 8 per cent. It was also stated that if this course should lead to any infringement of the existing law, Her Majesty's Government would be prepared to propose to Parliament, on its meeting, a bill of indemnity.

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The effect of this measure is said to have been electrical. All kinds of stocks advanced immediately, and even railway shares, which had been constantly depressed, rose rapidly. But in a few days, things began again to recede, to the "utter second thought" of the community had time to operate: and stocks fell to about the old rates. Intelligent merchants reflected that the aid afforded by the Bank could only possibly be temporarily a mere drop in the bucket, valuable more for its moral effect upon the community, than from the amount of direct permanent aid afforded, and that the mercantile community must continue to struggle with its own load as it best could.

As to the policy of this measure of the Government, there was at first a striking difference of opinion among the most sensible portion of the community, as denoted by the varying sentiments of the press. That powerful conservative journal, The London Times, took a bold and decided stand at opposition to it—seeing in it a beginning that could have to end, a loading of the merchants to depend not so much upon their own resources in their difficulties, as upon the resources of the Government, which must finally result in a suspension of specie payments.

At the time of the sailing of the Acadia however, the tone of the press on both sides, had become more moderate—it being seen, we infer, that the step taken by the Bank, at the instance of the Government, was more guarded, cautious and limited, than either its friends or opponents had at first supposed. While some even asserted that it was necessary for the preservation of the Bank itself.

IRISH PAUPERS.

Lord Lincoln, the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs, recently shipped 100 hundred paupers from his Irish estate, to St. John, New Brunswick. These persons who are paupers now, are said to have once been in comfortable circumstances; but the scourge of famine reduced them to poverty, and they are no longer able to pay the noble lord his rents, or scarce provide for their own subsistence. They are accordingly shipped off to New Brunswick, at his expense, to live or die there, as each pauper in particular may make out their future support. The people of St. John are very indignant at having that kind of paupers thrust upon them, and are resolving to order the poor creatures to go back again, by offering them a free passage to Europe. Lord Palmerston doubtless thought he was doing a very charitable thing in enabling his tenants to emigrate to another country—he doubtless thought that by paying a few dollars, he could justifiably break the social bonds existing between him and them. But the nation has a right that no one of its citizens or subjects, however wicked and the nuisance he may be, should be cast off upon the charities of another nation. Every nation is bound to provide for its own poor, especially if its own imperfect is the great cause of that poverty. Humanity and the spirit of our Institutions forbid it, but we do not wonder that some stupid noble that it really would be better for the old world itself, if America should receive entirely crime to allow a single pauper to enter her ports. The vanity vaive of the stupid, venal and sensitive aristocracy would be wounded then to hear, and the music of death and dissolution now so apparent to them, would open on their ears regularly. It might be, however, too quickly for the successful reactionists of a better order of things upon their cause. But whether that be so or not, no duty is plain. The new world must be true to the poor and to humanity, however false the old may prove itself!

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IRISH EJECTMENTS.

According to late advices from that unfortunate and unhappy country, Ireland, the ejectment system is still continued. Family after family are forced to leave their wretched habitations, sometimes because of their inability to pay their rent, at other times that the land now employed in agriculture may be devoted to grazing. It is not uncommon sight to see whole villages thus deprived of their inhabitants, who are forced to seek a very precarious subsistence by actually burrowing in the earth for shelter, soliciting, as it were, the cold embraces of the grave for their time. Or, the difference between twenty and ten per cent. The question for the jury to determine was, whether the article in question was the "product" of the soil, or already dead, than the living that remain alive."

This system of Ejectments is no new system. Goldsmith, who was an Irishman, in describing his "Deserted Village," which is no fancy sketch, what it was in his day. It has been going on for the last century. In the last twenty years, the number of ejectments is computed to have been not less than half a million! In the last five years, seventy-two thousand! Yes, every year, seventy-two thousand of the wretched families of Ireland are deprived of their miserable habitations by their aristocratic masters; every day at least a hundred poor human beings, fathers, mothers, children, are doomed to the cold and to the ditch! Pestilence which always floods the country, or forced to seek out new homes in parts where the system either has not penetrated, or having penetrated, been abandoned.

One thing Ireland impertinently needs, and until she has received it, she must continue to be the most wretched of civilized nations. That is the practical assertion of the principle, that the soil of Ireland belongs to the people of Ireland. That principle once practically established, she would have a firm basis on which to build up habits of industry, order and frugality, which have as yet been now wretchedly deficient in. It is folly to think that he who is liable to be turned out of house and home at the caprice of another, will long improve his land, much less to beautify and adorn his home. That they who dwell upon the soil should have all of the utmost importance to the prosperity of a nation. Men will take care of their own property, will improve it more and beautify it, will train vines over the doors and around the windows, will plant young trees that fruitful orchards may in the future bless their children, will love their children's hearts, and be willing to sacrifice a portion of their yearly profits to add to the richness of the soil beneath their feet, by which they have to live, enrich and adorn to their own. But a general system of ejectments, so short lease, except in cases where long custom has established a better, as it were, that a faithful tenant shall not be ejected from his place for trifling cause, and where farms have thus continued—the one family of tenants from generation to generation,—in all cases except some particular reason of this character, a general system of tenantry must be in the end, highly injurious to the prosperity of every nation that embraces it.

ACCIDENTS ON RAILROADS

A correspondent of the American and Gazette, in speaking of the late accident on the Long Island Railroad, says Russell issued an official document, recommending to the Directors of the Bank of England, in the present emergency, to enlarge the amount of their discounts and advances, upon approved security: but that, in order to retain this operation within reasonable limits, a high rate of interest should be charged. In present circumstances it was suggested that the rate of interest should not be less than 8 per cent. It was also stated that if this course should lead to any infringement of the existing law, Her Majesty's Government would be prepared to propose to Parliament, on its meeting, a bill of indemnity.

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FLAXSEED AND LINSEED.

The Tariff of 1846 enacts a duty of twenty per cent. upon the importation of Flaxseed, while it allows the same article, under another name, Linseed, to "pass" by paying a duty of only ten per cent. A curious suit recently took place at Boston between the Collector of the Port, and a merchant, based upon their singular construction of the terms of the law. The merchant imported from Calcutta a quantity of seed, invoiced as "linseed," upon which the Collector exacted the duty of Flaxseed, viz., twenty per cent. To this the merchant objected, and brought suit to recover the difference between twenty and ten per cent. The question for the jury to determine was, whether the article in question was the "product" of the soil, or already dead, than the living that remain alive."

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Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

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Casualties.

A STORY OF SHIPWRECK.

The following deplorable account of the sufferings of the survivors of the late wreck of the steamer Caroline, bound from Savannah to Bath, was furnished to the editors of the Boston Traveller, by the Captain of the Caroline. After describing the wreck, Captain Smith says:—

"Our provisions and water were all stored in the trunk cabin on deck, and we cut holes to get at water in the run. By the disaster, both provisions and water were carried overboard, and all of that which it was impossible to get at. Thus we were without food or drink.

"Our only shelter was one birth, which remained on deck after the wreck, and which was split in two. Three days after, Henry Hughes, one of the crew, went on deck, and was washed overboard. He also was probably washed overboard.

"On the 11 inst., we caught Water enough from rain to last twenty-four hours. From that time to the 18th, were without Water, and were so weak, and began to feel as if death was very near us. The 18th we had light rain all day. We had nothing to eat for ten, or to drink for six days. We then began to discuss the question of drawing lots to see who should suffer death to save the lives of the others.

"It was agreed that we should use sticks. We drew, and it fell to the lot of an Irishman, named Charles Brown, who had S. D. inscribed on his arm. He was a large athletic man, weighing about 175 lbs., had shipped at Savannah, and was a stranger to the rest of the crew.

He alone was armed with a sheathe knife, which he drew, and declared he would plunge it into the heart of the first one who suggested to carry out the fatal chatter. Upon that the Captain retired to the cabin, saying, 'Myself have determined to have no do with the affair, thinking that they were all near their end.

"At this moment a boy, named Hughie Rose, of Bangor, Wales, aged 17, suggested that he had the youngest should die first; thus free-will offering was about to be accepted by Brown, as that Captain with the boy went into the cabin. Captain Smith states that as he lived on board the ship, his eye was attracted to a handle sticking up near, which he thought belonged to the mast head, and the boy to fetch it, and it proved to be an adze.

"Thinking that something wrong was about to be enacted on deck, he collected the boy when he returned, and saw the boy seized and the adze taken by the nose desperate Brown, with the intention of making him the victim. At this moment the Captain states that he felt gifted with the strength of an elephant, stepped forward, and drove the adze between the head he held and the body of the boy on deck.

"It is supposed by Captain Smith, from the fact that S. D. was marked upon the arm of Brown, that he shipped under a false name, and was about 35 years old.

"After he was dead, the captain bled and drank him. His flesh was partly cut into thin slices, and laid upon the deck to dry in the sun, but was not longer for food, water having their effects. His blood was used for drink until the water which they were taken off, when about a pint remained, which had tainted blood.

"On the morning of the 14th, early, three vessels were in sight, one of which was the brig of Captain Keene, bound from New Haven for the West Indies, took all. After three days more, the Wm. Smith, of Biddeford, Maine, the captain, Hersey Smith, of the latter vessel, and Mr. Jacob Bangar, the boy preserved from death by the action of the captain. The ship Caroline was then given to the British schooner Splendid, and arrived at Philadelphia.

"The boy was retained on board the Tempest, the captain promising to take care of him. Captain Smith states that if Brown had not killed the boy quietly in his turn, they would not have had the heart to have killed him; that he was sure of the night that the boy, after running one chance for his life, would have put an end to himself, as he had expressions to think that he was suddenly gifted with strength to save him.

"An idea may be formed of the nearness of death in this unfortunate crew from the fact that the captain's feet and nails both turned black, and his nails have not as yet obtained their natural color. The blood of Brown probably saved their lives, as they subsisted on it two whole days.

The Caroline is a total loss. She is owned at Newtown 4Mile, near the city of Bath, Me.

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENTS.

The steamboat Louisiana burst her boilers on Friday last, near Shannonstown. Two persons were killed, and three badly scalded.

The steamboats Tempest and Talisman came in collision below Cape Girardeau, on the Upper Mississippi. The Talisman was run down, and sunk, that the sunk in deep water. The total number of passengers that were carried down with the sinking boat, is estimated at forty. Many escaped with less or slit garnet. The ladies, and the other passengers rescued, lost every thing, escaping in their night clothes put on an tablier; under-sleeves of plaited cambric.

Donna Dandon—Velvet and silk sewn to cross each other so forming the elegant bustles. We may cut the two following cushions as an example. Take a yoke of pink silk, and a yoke of white ball tulle, ball silk, reaching to just the height of the knee; plain corsage, made open in the front, and trimmed with a full plaiting on gather at the waist and on the shoulders, short sleeves, cotton and long lace sleeves. Secondly, a dress of white muslin, trimmed with very full and deep flounces, without any ornament, low body, and fichu of black lace, the ends of which are attached upon the front for the corsage by a small bow of pink ribbon, square forming ovated, and made of English green satin ribbon, having a most novel and elegant effect.

Tuesday.—Among those most in vogue are the Lancashire dresses, the ends of the skirt of which are generally more than 12 yards in width, and contain 100 yards Brilliant in 4/8ths per yard.

Thursday.—Among those most in vogue are the Lancashire dresses, the ends of the skirt of which are generally more than 12 yards in width, and contain 100 yards Brilliant in 4/8ths per yard.

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Wedn

Selected Poetry.

MOURNING.

FROM THE LEISURE HOUR

Yet call me, John, the reason why
I mourn so little for the dead—
You say I pass them heedless by.
And with a smile above them tread!
I'll tell you, John, the reason that
I am above your scorning,
And then, perhaps, you'll understand
Why I do not wear mourning:

I had a wife, a dear good wife,
Her eye was blue as Heaven;
Oh! nerve to a pilgrim sore,
To see such compassion given!
She was as fair as angels are,
Her voice was like a river
Of kind, and pure, and gentle lay
And musical for ever.

I loved her! oh, how well I loved
That fairest work of God!
How faithfully and fondly
My sunny path she trod!
And she—her arms are round me now,
As serenely as in bliss—
Old tools her, and I said, and wept,
My good, my gentle wife.

She loved me with a holy love
Born of a holy hope
Faithful and fond was she, and I—
How could I give her up?
I watched beside her and she smiled
My weeping face upon:
You'll lonely be, my love, said she,
When I am laid in earth.

You'll lonely be, and all the home
Seem desolate and cold;
But you'll not forget me, darling,
When I'm lying in the mould.
You'll sit beside my grave, dear Will,
And when my casebeds blow,
You'll weave them on the couch to which
Your Mary goeth now.

Weep not, beloved—I shall be
Beyond the fretful reach
Of human sorrow, and I shall
Be nearer you than speech.
Now kiss me—such as one on that
First one when we were wed.
Once more, my love, once more—Well, farewell
My dear good wife was dead!

I think of her at day dawn, John,
I think of her at night,
When the sunshine is above me,
When the stars are clear and bright:
I think of her in trouble,
Oh! I dream of her in sleep,
And, John, I sit beside her grave,
And—yes, I do—I weep.

Her soft white arms are round my neck,
Her kiss is on my brow;
And so she sang in lonesome days
She sought to me now!
Her grave is deep, her slumber sweet,
She's gone, her soul returned;
But think you, John, her grave would be
Lone cold, and dark, and damp, and she
More bright, more blessed now, if we
Should put on decent mourning? W.

Humorous Sketch.

"THAT GOLD!"

Or, Michigan Financiering.

A TALE OF "THE TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S' PURSES.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

Mississippi has been famed for her banking.—The story of her financial greatness, in the manufacture of paper promises, has been the theme of story and of song. Her financiering is not unknown, and never will be, as long as the Brandon and other banks give a living illustration of the truth of Sam Patch's remark, that "some things can be done as well as others." With the swiftness almost of the orchestrin's wand, paper has turned into hard coin, and every one knows that a little generous confidence makes bank notes money. Mississippi banking has been and and sung—erected and re-erected until it has become an old and thrice told tale.

While thus the northern democratic "states" of the Mississippi can could make them"—have had their poets and letter writers and newspaper paragraphists to sound their praises, Michigan, her great financial rival, has not had one. Had her banks continued a little longer, she could have beat Mississippi: all believe it; but there came a freeze which nipped her rising greatness, and horrid her whole system. The cause of that freeze coming when it did, is interesting, and if the reader will bear with us a little while, we will a "take up-stairs" which will show the efforts of the Wolverine bankers to regulate the currency and enhance the financiania of Mississippi.

The time of which we speak was about the close of the speculating which commenced in 1836.—Everybody had grown rich, and everybody wanted to grow richer. Men calculated their fortunes by millions and half millions. The State Legislature had enacted a general banking law, wisely and safely guarded, as all new banks are, and banks innumerable had gone into operation, and their notes—"theirs as leaves in Vallambrosa," were in the pockets of bank officers, their favorites and dependents.

Among those appointed to watch these institutions, was Alpheus Felch, the late Governor, and one of the present United States Senthors from Michigan. When the general banking law was enacted, he stood almost solitary and alone, in opposition to it: and after it went into operation he viewed them with suspicion. As one of the four Bank Commissioners, he had one quarter of the banks to attend to, and was bound to examine them in person. He marched one day into one of the banks in Detroit, and demanded to see their specie. The bank officers, who had expected his coming, were all smiles and affability, and cracked their jokes, and smoked their regalias, and drank their champagne, with an air that but few, except bankers, can assume.

The Commissioner found the entire specie capital of the bank in gold, and as he was somewhat a believer in the gold bill of Mr. Benton, he glanced his eyes complacently over the yellow boys. Among the coin were some pieces of no odd date, and these, from their antiquity, excited considerable attention. At bank No. 1, all things were found right—the coin was there, and the books showed that the sume of notes was but three dollars to each.

At bank No. 2, as at No. 1, the specie capital was also in gold, and strange as it may appear, the amount locked but a few dollars of being the same, and what was stranger still, a number of pieces, of different antiquity, were found in them. The Commissioner, anxious to see if the curious coincidence would hold out, quiet ly took a memorandum of the number and purport and of their date. At bank No. 3, the gold pieces were there, and no where else, and the number and dates corresponded. The Commissioner drew down his spectacles—chuckled a little to himself—the bank officers had outcapped themselves, in attempting to outwit him, but he kept his own counsel and went on his way. At the other banks, each, to the amount twenty or thirty, the same quantity of gold—the same number of ancient coins, with dates corresponding with the memorandums, were found, and of course the Commissioner had to pass on. Inquiries were always made as to the hour he could be so assured, and Mr. Commissioner Felch, peacefully as politicans, could not refuse to answer.

The Commissioner was absent during his inspection of a bank in a remote county, and there remained but one more to visit. It was late at night, and he was soon on his way to the bank, but he stopped, being distant and the roads bad, he concluded to wait till morning. The Cashier thought this most the best plan, and volunteered to take him over in his buggy. In the morning, silent the time the log gy was brought out, the commissioner stepped into the bank and told the Cashier, then behind the counter, that he would like to have a peep at "that gold!" again. The Cashier ordered red, and the Teller and the Directors present looked blue, while the President of the bank looked as though he expected Satan to come over him one way. They tried to laugh it off as a good joke. The "principals" and the "engineers" were upon record, and a new champagne bottle was uncorked. The Commissioner said that he had counted their proceedings, and he wouldn't partake of an effering either and so for champagne, he didn't use the article, and if he did, he felt too much real pain at the exhibition of rascality he had witnessed, to make him want any other kind. The bankers grew indignant—indignantly so. Did Mr. Felch came there to insult them? They would not put up with such base insinuations—that they wouldn't—and the President blowed out his cheeks and looked fierce —the Cashier cocked his hat on one side, and looked fierce then the President,—the Directors and the Teller, and dependents, looked like little dogs when cats, big ones are going to fight, but these were fiercer than the combatants.

The Commissioner was resolute. He had seen bankers mad before, and he knew that they were a kind of dogs that never injured a body, unless a body got into their clutches. He had taken a strange fancy to look at that *gold* again, and look at it he would, or else he would stop the machine from grinding out more promises. The gold had gone off the previous night, and was then in another bank, and it could not be shown; and despite the threats of the President and the Cashier, and the big looks of the lesser fry of bankers the concern was closed, and the assets paid, as usual, reckoning the depreciation.

The speed with which the warning torch, of Roderick's harbingers, traversed the Alpine, was exceeded a circumstance to the speed of the Bank Commissioner, as he traversed the road back again, in search of that gold. He went to all the banks he had previously examined, but like the fox that the Irishmen thought he had got, when his head was upon it, it wasn't there. The vaults of the banks were filled with promises, and "nothing else." The gold was then in the last bank, waiting to be counted, for the twentieth or thirtieth time, by the Bank Commissioner, while that functionary was hunting for it in the vaults of banks that never owned a penny of it.

Readers, (if of the masculine gender,) you have often, when boys, amused yourselves by setting up bricks on one end some inches apart, and then kicking down the first, which fallsagainst the second, and upsets its gravity, and it the first upsets it and over a third, &c. In just the same manner, you might have seen the Michigan banks topple and fall, when the Commissioner put on wings he had of *said gold*. Every one he entered blew up in short order, and in the course of two or three days, every bank in that bank district was numbered among the things that "*used to was.*" The gold, however, was found at last. At the first bank examined, there it was, safe and sound. Word was conveyed to the last bank, of the trick played off by the Bank Commissioner, and an express was sent off with the gold, which arrived at the bank in Detroit, some fifteen minutes before the Commissioner, and that bank saved its life a few days longer.

Fierce and bitter were the threats let off against Mr. Bank Commissioner Felch, but they ended with "*used to was.*" The gold, however, was counted